THE GRAND IMPOSTURE: OR THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY:

A SATYR.

Triſtius haud illis Monſtrum, nec ſævior ulla
Peſtis—

Virg. Æneid. lib. 3.

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THE Grand Impoſture OR THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY.

ASCEND *Alecto* from thy Den, and come
Juſt as thou look'ſt in that Infernal Home;
Fell Fury fire my Fancy, for I have
More cauſe then Poet e're had yet to rave;
Thou art my Muſe, thy Snakes my Lawrels are,
By me thine own, and *Rome's* Intrigues declare:
Do it for once, then back to Hell retire,
And pay the Jeſuits their Arrears of Fire.
A Jeſuit great Satan's Envoy is
Sent to ſucceed the Snake of Paradiſe:
For when that fatal ſtroke of *Adam's* loſs
Was healed by the great *Theanthropos*,
When that deep Stratagem of the dark Throne
Myſterious *Meſſiah* had undone;
And that firſt Argument of helliſh Power
Was quite confuted by a Saviour,
Then baffled *Lucifer*, no Anſwer had,
Till He a Jeſuit his rejoynder made;
By whom he hopes compleatly to renew
The Battle, and once more mankind undo;
Plotting his old Dominion to make good
By falſe implicit Faith, or fire and blood;
That catches Fools, and theſe deſtroy the Wiſe,
Thus all mankind, are equally his Prize.

" Shut your Eyes cloſe, believe me, and you'll ſee
" (Th' *Ignatian* cryes) the way t' Eternity;
" Deny all Reaſon, misbelieve your Senſe,
" Church cannot Err, be that your Confidence:
" Pin on our Sleeve your Faith, and thô you'r blind,
" Take but faſt hold, and follow us behind,
" Our open Eyes the way for both will find.
" This Wine and Wafer now are common food,
" But a few words ſhall make 'em Fleſh and Blood,
" And thô they after all the ſame appear,
" And out of Modeſty th' old Livery wear,
" Yet is Chriſt's very Blood and Body here.
Such plain Impoſtures, ſuch bold Cheats as theſe
Can ſurely none, but fools, or mad men pleaſe.
The Snake of Paradiſe play'd fairer far
With *Adam*'s Wife, and more upon the Square,
He call'd an Apple, Apple, ſaid 'twas good,
Pleaſant to th' ſight, and delicate for food;
The Jeſuits Tricks would ne're have ta'n with *Eve*,
She ſaw what's what, before ſhe did believe,
Beſides he pleaded that 'twould make her wiſe,
But theſe, the groſſeſt ignorance adviſe.
And thus we loſe our ſelves, b' a greater Cheat
Then what the Serpent us'd in *Eve*'s defeat;
Thus we our ſenſe and reaſon lay aſide
To take an old ambitious Fool for Guide,
Thus we turn Stocks and Ideots, and then
Become good Cath'licks, ceaſing to be men;
As if the only way to ſave our Souls,
Were, to be eaſie Slaves or ſenceleſs fools.
To all this fond credulity we're hurl'd
By ſlaviſh fears about the burning world,
So to be ſure to feel no torment there,
Firſt ſtrip our ſelves of all our ſenſes here.
Now, my *Alecto*, let's advance and view
The Frauds that lurk under Religious ſhew,
For thô to Heav'n their fair pretences ſwell,
The Root lies deep and dark as is thy Cell.
No Heathen Law-giver, no Pagan Prieſt;
Did e're with ſuch myſterious Wiles infeſt
The ſuperſtitious Multitude, for that
Is ſtill moſt apt to fear they know not what.
No Cabaliſt of State could e're Trapan
With ſuch firm ſubtlety as *Rome*'s *Divan*.
And firſt, leaſt holy Church ſhould chance to float
(Without a laſt appeal) in endleſs doubt,

You muſt with dumb obedience ſtill repair
Uuto *Rome's* holy Apoſtolick Chair,
That, that's infallible and cannot erre.
This bold Aſſumption keeps more in Awe
Then *Numa* with his feign'd *Egeria*.
And thô it ſeems at points of Faith to aime,
'Tis to be uncontroulably Supreame;
Get univerſal deference, and create
A cloſe dependance on the Roman Seat.
Branding on all damnable Hereſie,
That dare oppoſe the Apoſtolick See,
Or *Rome's* Political Divinity.
Thus it uſurps boundleſs dominion,
Makes Kings their ſubject's, ſlaves, and both it's own.
Rome's doctrine is a ſecular device,
Mere trick of ſtate in reverend diſguiſe,
Th' ambitious ſpawn of latter Centuries:
And thô it proudly boaſt an ancient Line,
From *Peter*, 'tis of baſeſt Origine;
'Tis the Prieſt's ſpurious Iſſue, gotten on
Ignorance, Fear and Superſtition:
Theſe three compleatly make the triple Crown,
And ſtill ſupport old *Rome's* imperial Throne.
How ſlily do the Prieſts by help of theſe
Make men believe, and then do what they pleaſe?
How ſolemnly they dazle Vulgar eies
With fine miſterious holy Vanities?
Whoſe ceremonious pomp ſtrikes awful dread
In fools, that by their eies and ears are lead.
But ſhould I here endeavour to declare,
The num'rous Gimcracks of the Romiſh Fair,
Their Myſtick Idols, conſecrated Bawbles,
Feign'd Miracles, and monſtrous holy Fables;
How dead Saints relicks cure the Gout or Ptiſick,
And are, like *Egypt's* Mummy, kept for Phyſick;
How they can ſcare the Devil with a ſtench,
(Not that *Tobias* us'd to get the Wench:
In telling this I might as teedious be
As the returne of their next Jubilee.
But theſe are Petty trifles, tiney toys,
Tricks to catch Women, gaping Fools and Boys;
They have devices of a larger ſize,
Traps to enſnare the Wary and the Wiſe:
And if you chance to boggle at the bait,
They curſe, and cry, damnation be your fate,
And then you ſwallow it at any rate.

Oh! what a melancholy dismal story
They roar in dying Ears of Purgatory;
That rather than th' affrighted wretch will burn
So long, Hee'll all his Gold to Masses turn:
Thus Ecclesiastick Chymists (you'ld admire)
Make real Gold by a fictitious Fire.
Next extreame unction comes, from whence the Priest
Gets the most good, by greasing in the Fist.
But of all cheats that necessary are
Unto salvation, Auricular
Confession bears the bell, and seems to me
Next to infallible Supremacy;
It wears a holy Veile, but underneath
Is shame and slavery far worse than death.
The Priest may tyrannize without controul,
That knows the guilty secret of the soul.
So when the gentle sex confession makes,
That they have often sin'd upon their backs,
How easily the Priest coms in for snacks?
And shrieves the pretty Penitent *A la mode*,
No trick like a *jure divino* Fraud:
Thus are their chiefest Doctrines, plain device,
Pimp to their Pride, their Lust and Avarice
In holy Apostolical disguise.
In short, the whole misterious Cheat doth lie
In superstition and Idolatry,
Two spurious Graffts ——
Set in the tree of life, Religion,
With whose Luxurious branches 'tis or'e grown
To such a monstrous disproportion,
That the first planters would it quite disown.
Religion, like a modest rural mayd,
No artificial dresse no *fucus* had
But was in native Innocency clad,
Till in *Romes* Court she ceased to be such,
Thence, sprang her Infamy and first debauch;
There, laying plain simplicity aside,
She grew to idle wantonnes and Pride:
Yet still some modesty confin'd her Home,
Nor rambled she beyond the Walls of *Rome*;
Till Proud of her successful charms, she grew
Ambitious mighty Monarchs to subdue;
So by deceitful arts she inlarg'd her pow'r,
And made them slaves, that sh' had serv'd before.
At length her lawless Pride gave some mistrust,
And that increas'd by her insatiate Lust.

She grew imperious, asked more and more;
And would be Tyrant too, as well as Whore:
Then wisely some the Vassalage forsook,
Others repin'd as weary of the Yoke:
She, Jealous lest her Universal sway
Shold lessen, or her former fame decay,
'Mongst others, did the Schoolmens Pen imploy
To Vindicate her truth and honesty,
(Schoolmen, who ransack sciences and Arts
To prove with pains, that they are Fools of parts;
A knack to Coyn unmeaning words they've got,
False words that w'ont endure the test of thought:
Distinction's their last refuge and appeal,
The better, if unintelligible)
So these her honour justifi'd in words,
As Bully Jesuits Plot to doe with swords.
But both in vain, for 'tis concluded on
Their Mistress is the Whore of *Babylon*.

Shift, shift the Scenes, *Alecto*, fury Fiend
Wake all thy Snakes, and make this Tragick end;
By Hellish Art raise up in dark Cabal,
The Pope, a Jesuit and Cardinal.
Thy self place in the middle, raving Wood,
With Poysons, Pistols, Daggers, Fire and Blood.
Now let this Scene start into sudden sight
By gloomy Flashes of Sulphureous light;
Then let his Holiness's face appear
Full of deep Counsel, thought and weighty Care.
Whilst each of you in awful silence hears
The sacred Oracle with hungry Ears.
" Was it for this my boundless power was giv'n?
" For this have I the Keys of Hell and Heaven?
" In vain I boast of a Supremacy,
" And call my Chair the Universal See.
" A little Nest of Hereticks cut off
" From *Europes* Earth, at all my Pow'r doth laugh.
" Who (thô they kindly could decline to be
" A Bar to Ballance *Gallick* Monarchy,
" Yet) still oppose my holy Tyranny.
" False Agents, heartless, traiterous, have you
" So often sworn by Sacramental Vow
" Or to Convert this Island or undo?
" Was your Commission scant, did I deny
" Plenipotentiary Villany?

Turning to the Jesuit.

Have

Have not I null'd Divine and Humane Laws,
That without let you might promote the Cauſe?
" Heavens Laws, thô fixt by an Eternal Seal,
" Stoop, and are liable to my repeal.
" *Moſes* once broke theſe Tables, often I
" Not to prevent, but fix Idolatry.
" Thus had your large Commiſſion no reſtraint,
" Nor did you Apoſtolick Bleſſing want.
" Nay more, the blackeſt Crimes in you were merit,
" For which all other endleſs flames inherit:
" So Treaſons, Murders, Perjuries became
" Sure Monuments of your Eternal Fame;
" So nature chang'd her courſe, yet nothing's done,
" T' advance the Catholick Religion.
" Be gone Slave, fly; Delude with crafty words,
" If they prove vain, uſe poyſon, Fire and Swords:
" Make better work on't, or I ſwear by th' Maſs
" And the Divinity of Holy Croſs ———

Theſe chance unlucky words broke all the Spell,
They vaniſh'd, and *Alecto* ſunk to Hell.

FINIS.